

## LIBERTY, CASEY COUNTY.

—Thomas C. Combs was tried before Judge Myers last Tuesday on a writ de lunatico inquirendo and was judged insane. He was taken to the Anchorage Asylum Wednesday by Jailer John T. Brown and County Attorney Q. C. Godbey. Typhoid fever was said to be the cause of his unfortunate condition.

—Cleveland's friends had one of the grandest jollifications here on Saturday night ever known in the history of Liberty. It is true the crowd was not extremely large, but what they lacked in size was made up in enthusiasm. The Middleburg band was here delivering the finest of music. The hands of the republicans were warmly shaken by their Cleveland friends. The democratic houses were illuminated. It was the first illumination the writer has witnessed since 1848, at which time it was a sign of the downfall of Lewis Cass and the exaltation of Zachary Taylor. A torchlight procession was formed and marched through all the principal public squares and streets of Liberty. A meeting was held at the court-house and George E. Stone went through the motion of addressing it, but there was so much applause that nobody could tell whether George said anything to the purpose or not. Among the conspicuous men in the Middleburg delegation was the silver-haired veteran in the cause, H. H. McAninch. It is not known whether Uncle "How" is aspiring for a position in the cabinet or not. His long devoted service to the party entitles him to consideration. Everything passed off pleasantly, notwithstanding many of the opposite persuasion felt a little sore on the National contest while they were jubilant over the county race. It is said a big "to do" will be held at Middleburg Tuesday night.

## CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—Prof. T. M. Hawes, the well-known elocutionist, has been licensed to the Presbyterian ministry.

—Bishop W. H. Miles, the senior official of the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church, died in Louisville.

—G. H. Harris, pastor of the Universalist church at North Orange, Mass., committed suicide by shooting himself. No reason is assigned for the rash deed.

—Rev. and Mrs. A. V. Sizemore have returned from the Baptist Association at Covington. The body will meet next year in Lebanon, on the 3d Saturday in October.

—Sam Jones has just closed a 10-days' meeting at Clarksville, Tenn., in which it is said great good was done. A saloonist who was converted has closed doors, a race horse man there will dispose of his string and lead a better life and many other persons are wonderfully changed.

—The Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union of America is in session at Memphis.

—Mr. Swarthout, a prominent citizen of Lyndon township, Ill., was shot and killed in his stable. His body was wheeled to a straw stack 100 yards away and the stack set on fire. His two sons are accused of the horrible deed.

—While their sister's wedding reception was in progress at Cleveland, O., Frank Murphy cut the throat of his brother William from ear to ear, killing him instantly. Frank had refused to take part in the festivities and it was while his brother was trying to get him to join the guests that the killing took place.

—Collector Peter Brown levied upon some land and advertised it for sale at court-house door, in Grayson, Carter county, the levy being made in order to collect money to pay the railroad tax indebtedness of the county. Three hundred men rode into town at the time advertised for the sale and induced Collector Brown to not only forego the sale, but to also resign his position as collector.

Dr. G. Goldstein, the famous Optician of Louisville, will be at Stanford on Monday, Nov. 21, and remain only two days. Those who are in need of a pair of good glasses should avail themselves of this opportunity to get their eyes examined free of charge. Dr. Goldstein is a graduate of Dr. Bucklin's School of Optics, of New York, and stands second to none in his profession. He has been here before and gave universal satisfaction. He can refer to the best people of this town as to his skill as a practical and reputable optician. Can be consulted at the Coffey House from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. each day.

Y. M. C. A. Official—"Well, Charles, did you read the Bible through, as I suggested?"

Young Man—"Oh, yes."

Official—"Didn't you get a good deal of information from it?"

Young Man—"Not much. Most of them sayings is chestnuts."

The working girl clubs of Boston held a meeting Sunday and resolved to petition the city council to withhold licenses from all theatrical companies displaying posters picturing women in tights.

## MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

—White & King are putting in a corn grinding mill at this place.

—Rev. John Carmical lately closed a meeting at Flat Lick with 22 additions.

—Mr. M. C. Williams' family, who have been afflicted with diphtheria, are rapidly recovering.

—The majorities in this county at the late election were as follows: Harrison 287, Holt 206, Mullins, republican, for sheriff, 287.

—Mr. William M. Weber, a retired business man of this place, had his leg broken near the ankle, a few days since, while moving a barrel in his smoke-house.

—The boys celebrated last Saturday night with anvils, &c. At 9 o'clock a big time was had. Eight anvils were kept going for hours and enthusiasm was rampant.

—Candidates for the post offices are thicker than June bugs in blackberry time. This place can boast of at least 10, Brodhead as many and other offices in the county in proportion.

—Judge Lair, E. A. Herrin, D. C. Poynter and James Maret were the guests of Mr. Thomas Taylor, last Saturday, to partake of an opossum dinner. It is needless to say that all enjoyed themselves.

—Mrs. Anna Miller, of Zanesville, has returned home after a short visit to relatives here. Capt. R. L. Myers is in from Woodbine. Mr. G. W. Baker and family, of London, were here during the week. A Miss Pennington was adjudged a lunatic last week and sent to Lexington. Mr. John Pearl stopped off here on his way home from Louisville.

—Joseph Howard, who shot and fatally wounded Bruce Wilnot at Brodhead, some time since, has sufficiently recovered from the wounds he received from Wilnot's pistol to be brought to jail here, though he had to be carried on a cot. Wednesday he was brought out on a writ of habeas corpus and his attorney, C. C. Williams, announced ready for trial. The commonwealth not being ready the case was continued until next Monday.

## KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

Two brown heads with laughing curls,  
Red lips shutting over pearls,  
Bare feet white and wet with dew,  
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;  
Little boy and girl were they,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook,  
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks  
Of green willow fringed its banks;  
Half in thought and half in play,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,  
He was taller—more a head;  
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,  
Swings a basket to and fro,  
As she loitered, half in play,  
Chattering to Willie Grey.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said,  
And there came a dash of red  
Through the brownness of his cheek—  
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,  
And I'll carry, so I will,  
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh,  
"You shall carry only half,"  
And then tossing back her curls,  
"Boys are weak as well as girls."  
Do you think that Katy guessed  
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall,  
Hearts don't change much after all;  
And when long years from that day,  
Katie Lee and Willie Grey  
Stood a gain beside the brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook.

Is it strange that Willie said,  
While again a dash of red  
Crossed the brownness of his cheek,  
"I am strong and you are weak,  
Life is but a slippery steep,  
Hung with shadows cold and deep."

Will you trust me, Katie dear,  
Walk beside me without fear?  
May I carry, if I will,  
All your burdens up the hill?"  
And she answered with a laugh,  
"No, but you may carry half."

There beside the little brook,  
Bending like a shepherd's crook  
Washing with its silver bands  
Late and early at the sands,  
Is a cottage, where to day  
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!  
Swings a basket to and fro,  
Vastly different from the one  
That she swung in years ago;  
This is long, and deep and wide,  
And has—rockers on the side.

(From the selections of the editor's dear, dead wife, and printed in loving memory of her.)

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—The plurality for the Democratic presidential ticket in Illinois is 27,057, while the plurality for Altgeld for governor is only 21,287.

—The same old story. William Barnett, a negro boy, attempted to rape a white girl. Mob caught him and broke his neck.

—Maggie Evans, a little Ballard county girl, lunched off the heads of matches. She is an angel now.

## MIDDLEBURG.

—A. H. Humphrey's school closed Friday.

—A peculiar type of sore eyes is going the rounds in this vicinity, peculiar in that it invariably attacks the left eye first.

—Mrs. John Wilcher, Mrs. J. C. Coulter and Miss Lucy Swope attended the democratic jubilee at Liberty last Saturday night.

—While the Yosemite democrats were "jubilating" a few nights ago a cheeky republican hallooed, "Harrah for Casey!" J. S. Davis, a staunch democrat, rebuked him by saying "Damn Casey. She wouldn't make an onion patch."

—The election here was not as quiet as it might have been by a jug full. A war of words took place early in the day between Dr. J. C. Dye and his son, Wilford, on one side, and J. C. Coulter and John Wilcher on the other, which, but for the prompt interference of friends, might have resulted badly, but quiet was restored and everything went smoothly until late in the afternoon the republicans attempted to force Isaac Bardett, an old negro, who looks like anything else but a human being, to head the line formed in front of the voting room. This was regarded by the democrats as an insult and they seemed determined that he should take his place in the rear like other men and vote when his turn came. Hot words were passed, when Frank Wells, a republican, who is possessed of much more gab than brains, gave Nelson Wilcher the down lie. He got a spat for his impudence. A regular Sullivan and Corbett knock-down took place, but they were separated after the second round before either of them was much hurt. There was plenty of whisky on the ground and more real drunk men than I ever saw at an election here before. Everyone seems well pleased with the kangaroo ballot, notwithstanding the republicans elected their entire ticket. We all feel just as happy as a big sunflower.

## JUNCTION CITY.

—R. R. Burchell, of Danville, as usual made his regular Sunday evening's visit to this place to see his little beauty.

—We organized a brass band here a few nights ago and are practicing most every night, so it will not be long before we can have as good music as our neighboring towns.

—Elder J. Q. Montgomery, assisted by Charles Powell, is holding a protracted meeting here, but the crowds have been very small on account of the election. It is hoped there will be more interest shown now.

—Miss Lillie Shannon, one of our attractive beauties, has been sick for a few days, but is out again. Miss Mollie Beazley, one of the business young ladies of the Tribble House, has gone to spend a few days with her sister in Somerset. J. P. Hanna has been at his home in Cincinnati for the last week attending the election, but has returned to his large planing mill, bringing with him several of Cincinnati's best mechanics to take charge of his machinery here. J. L. Rose, of this place, spent several days in Harrodsburg last week. Frank Wilkerson, of Burgin, spent the election holidays in this place.

## In Tornadoes.

Those living in portions of our country exposed to tornadoes will be glad to know that scientists tell us there is always warning of the approach of a tornado to those that are observant. Clouds may be seen hurrying together in the southwest and west, a low, dull roar of the wind in those clouds may be perceived, while there is a great stillness and sultry heat in the air; all of which signs are sufficient to bid people look for safety. This safety they will never find in any easterly direction. One who faces the cloud as it comes should seek safety to the right. The only absolute safety, however, is to be found underground, in the cellar of the house, if it is a wooden house, as the storm will whirl off the beams and boards of the structure; but if it is a brick or stone house, the shattered walls will only tumble in; the brick or stone house, moreover, will fall sooner than the wooden one, which yields and gives. In the tornado countries especially in the more open portions, there should be an underground place provided for refuge, with its roof arched and strengthened by masonry and beams, so that it cannot be broken in by anything heavy falling upon it.—Harper's Bazar.

Coverous.—Indigent and Seedy man (to severe-looking elderly lady)—"Please mum, would you be kind enough to give assistance to a poor man just out of the hospital?"

Elderly Lady (sniffing the air)—"Go 'way, you bad man. You smell so strong of rum! I can fairly taste it!"

"You kin, mum?"

"Yes, I can."

"I wish I had your smell, mum."

It will now be the proper thing for republican office-holders to learn the popular topical song, "I want a situation."

## DANVILLE.

—A new furnace for heating purposes will be ready for use at the Baptist church Sunday. It cost \$150.

—Jailer Shumate arrested Lefe Tilford Wednesday, charged with being concerned in stealing J. P. Carr's horse in Mercer county. Frank Dean, implicated in the same transaction, was arrested last Thursday. Tilford was taken to Harrodsburg Thursday morning.

—Ben Brock was sent to the work-house for 30 days Tuesday for stealing a coat and vest from James Crouch. He at first contended that he had bought them from Sam Nirkirk, but finally weakened and admitted the theft. Brock is a young white man from near Somerset.

—A residence belonging to B. H. Perkins, on Cemetery street, occupied by George Waters, burned accidentally on Tuesday at 2:30 o'clock. Loss \$2,000; insured in the Agricultural, of Watertown, N. Y., for \$1,500. Mr. Waters saved most of his effects, some of them in a badly damaged condition.

—Mr. E. H. Fox, who is to receive and post the weather bulletins, expects to have everything in readiness to begin Monday. A white flag will denote clear weather; blue flag rain or snow; half white and half blue, local rain; black triangular flag, temperature signal; white flag with black square in centre, cold wave.

—Messrs. E. H. Fox, G. H. Dobyns and G. D. Mahan, trustees of the Knights of Honor, have paid to Mrs. Malinda C. Temple, widow of Wm. P. Temple, \$2,000, the amount of Mr. Temple's policy in the order above mentioned. This policy cost less than \$300 and was paid in less than 30 days after the death of Mr. Temple.

## MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—A brother and brother-in-law of Miss Nannie Wright, of Louisville, made Joseph Keisel, of Carrollton, become the husband of that young lady at the point of a couple of pistols. Keisel had ruined the girl.

—Invitations have been received here to the marriage of Mr. Luther B. Givens, formerly of this county, but now in the livery business at Harrodsburg, to Miss Lillie Young, a Versailles belle. The event occurs Thursday, Nov. 24.

—Samuel Smith and wife, of Kent, O., fell out and parted 45 years ago. Each has married, but each of them was called on to mourn the loss of a life partner. Fate made them meet a few days ago and they began courting and were afterward married.

—At Martin's Ferry, Ohio, Miss Lula Williams' wedding and her mother's death took place inside of 15 minutes. Mrs. Williams was expected to die and knowing that her daughter was to marry the next week, she made a request that she be permitted to witness the scene and the wedding was changed to a week earlier. The wedding occurred by the bedside of the mother, who died in a few minutes after the ceremony was said.

## A COLORED TEACHER'S EXAMPLE.

Worthy of Imitation by Both White and Black.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.)

Mrs. M. M. Richardson, our teacher, has done a great work for our district both in the school-room and out, notwithstanding the difficulties. We wanted to buy a lot and erect a school-house thereon, as we needed one badly. Very few in the district own the houses they live in. We are very much scattered and our means are scarce. She was away eight months, during which time we could not raise a penny. On her return in three months' time she raised for us \$48. With this sum and what she raised for us last year we have bought a lot and erected a school-room. Some in our district were very much dissatisfied and were not willing to give, because we did not build a union church. She persuaded those who were willing to prepare baskets and to do so and appointed basket meetings and begged her friends to come from neighboring towns to help her. They seem now to be better satisfied, since they find they can worship in the school-room just as if it had been a union church. We, as trustees, with our teacher's assistance, tried through many difficulties to do just as our worthy superintendent commanded us: "Build a school-room." We have built as nearly on the plan he gave us as we could. Her school is drawing near its close and our district will join us in saying of her as was said of Dorcas, "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." Rev. Larking Stewart, of Bonnyville, and Rev. Frank Shields, of Danville, preached for us each meeting and with their influence did great good. Strangers from other towns and districts seemed to sympathize with us and with their help we succeeded in raising the sum of \$48. The names of those living in the district who recently subscribed and paid to assist us are as follows: Alex Thurman, \$1; Willie Coffey, 50c; John Lee, 25c; Peter Coffey, \$1; Belle Lee, 50c; M. N. Richardson, 25c; Nannie E. Richardson, 36c.

BEN TRIBBLE, DAVID BAILEY, HENRY BRIGHT, Trustees.

## THINK!

Yes think; that is what we want you to do, when you read

## OUR SPECIAL OFFER

For "He who thinks strikes deepest and strikes safely." Don't say Special offers are chestnuts. The morsel of bread at your plate is a chestnut, still "Would'st thou not hunger without it?" Listen here a few minutes:

## Mens' Hats 25c Full Kip Boots \$2.50

Ladies' Shoes, 35 cents and up; Standard Colicos, 5 cents and up; coffee 2 1/2 cents and up; Dress Goods, Wool, 25 cents and up. We lead all in Finishings, R. R. Men's Supplies a specialty. We are headquarters for all kinds of

## Groceries, : Hardware,

Tinware, Salt, Stove-Piping, Crockery, Queensware, &c., always on hand. Oh! what fine biscuits this

## OBELISK FLOUR

Makes. Try it. We have Fish, Oysters and Celery every Friday and Saturday. We buy hides, furs, feathers, eggs, &c. Look out for our immense line of Xmas goods. They are coming to Rowland. All kinds of fine Queensware, Decorated Lamps, &c., &c. Candies, cakes, fruits, &c. Give us a call before buying, as we can save you money. Respectfully,

## STEPHENS &amp; KNOX.

## Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Fall Session Tuesday, September 6th, 1892.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

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## DRUGGIST AND JEWELER

During the year 1892 I shall keep constantly on hand a full and complete stock of

Drugs and Toilet Articles  
Paints, Oils, Glass, Books,  
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## WATCHES, CLOCKS &amp; JEWELRY

Is larger and better selected than ever and I assure my customers of prompt service, low charges and courteous treatment; Mr. THOMAS DALTON in charge.

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## FALL &amp; WINTER GOODS

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

## THE WILLARD.

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THOROUGHLY : RENOVATED : AND : IMPROVED.

Rates \$2.50 Per Day.

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Proprietors of The

## STANFORD LUMBER YARD,

Office and Yard Depot Street, Stanford, Ky.

## TO THE PUBLIC

Having bought out the remnant of the stock of John B. Foster, I am now disposing of it at less than cost in the basement of Severance's store, preparatory to

## Opening Out a Full Stock of Groceries, Hardware, Stoves, &amp;c.,

In the new storeroom of Mr. Withers, now nearing completion. I am agent for and have on hand the Oliver Chilled Plows, Studebaker Wagons and the Dicks Famous Feed Cutter. It will be to your interest to give me a call.

J. K. VAN ARSDALE.



W. P. WALTON.

**SIX : PAGES.**  
EVERY FRIDAY.

LIKE the gallant old rooster that he is, Emmett Logan makes a specious plea for the women in the matter of post-offices. He thinks that as they can not sit astride a whisky barrel in a still-house, because they are not built that way, and as they make the best of post-masters, being as a rule free from speculation and peculation, they ought to be allowed this one chance to make a living. In the smaller offices we agree with the gentleman fully, but for the presidential offices we are inclined to the opinion that a man is better suited for them. We can expect and demand more from men and while it is a little more dangerous we can cuss them with more grace when things go wrong.

A CENSUS bulletin, just issued, notwithstanding the enumeration was made in June, 1890, says there are 1,500,462 whites and 268,173 negroes in Kentucky. The number of males exceed the females by 23,881, so it will be seen that if all the men want to marry they will have to deaden over the line into another State. However, a Kentuckian, used to beauty and loveliness of character in women, would hardly go to Ohio or Indiana. If that was the only alternate, they would gladly accept the latter part of Paul's remark, "They that marry do well, but they that marry not do better."

SPEAKING of the election of Hall to the circuit judgeship in the Middlesboro district, the Frankfort Capital says: "For good, old-fashioned democracy, faithful through evil as through good report, go to the mountains of Kentucky. Though beaten time and again the mountain democrats are always ready for a fight. \* \* It was a hard fight they had to make, and a man from the district says it was gallantly made and names John B. Fish and C. W. Metcalf, of Pineville, as two of the men who did splendid work."

THE president has appointed William Potter, of Pennsylvania, to be minister to Italy; David P. Thompson, of Oregon, to be minister to Turkey, and Edward C. Little, of Kansas, to be agent and consul general to Cairo, Egypt. It's a pity the government will have to pay these fellows' expenses to go to those points, to be ordered immediately back by Mr. Cleveland. The diplomatic service is a humbug, anyway, and we hope the New York Herald will succeed in its effort to have it abolished.

JAMES CHRISMAN, who lives near High Bridge, has shown that he can not take a joke, and at the same time demonstrated that his neck would fit a halter very nicely. Two years ago Geo. Woods laughed at him because he was not enough of a mechanic to fix a reaping machine. It goaded his soul all the time since till Wednesday, when he met Woods and killed him. Mr. Chrisman deserves to be hung without judge, jury or the benefit of the clergy.

CLEVELAND carried Illinois over Harrison by 27,057, whereas the latter carried it four years ago by 22,195. To Chicago and Cook county are principally due the credit for this wonderful result and everybody will be gladder than ever that they got the World's Fair. They deserve that and all the other good things of life.

THE directors of the Owensboro, Falls of Rough & Green River railroad, decided at their meeting Tuesday to extend the road through Grayson, Edmonson, Hart, Barren, Metcalf, Russell, Wayne, Whitley and Bell counties to Middlesboro, but as no surveys have been made yet, no one need get excited.

THE Advocate claims to be the original Kentucky newspaper for Cleveland. We are of the opinion that the INTERIOR JOURNAL deserves that distinction, but as its editor does not want anything and perhaps the Danville man does, we will not "dogmatize" on the subject.

THE Ohio situation causes our good Presbyterian friend, Brer Logan, of the Louisville Times, to forget his early training long enough to remark: "Ohio is still in doubt and we have Joe Blackburn's word for it that, 'he who doubts is damned.' Damn Ohio."

THE office of district attorney is one of the best Federal offices in the gift of the president and it will not go a begging in this State. Already Hons. P. Watt Hardin, J. A. Craft, C. J. Bronston and a legion of other good democrats are mentioned for the place.

ANGELO PETRILLO, who was hung on Tuesday at New Haven, Conn., for murder, began to cry "police" from the time the death warrant was read to him till the drop fell. As usual the police did not respond.

MR. WATTESON has started out to deliver 150 lectures on "Money and Morals." The election seems to have cured his throat in short order.

THE Kentucky democrats make one tired. There are scores of applicants for every position to be filled under the government and in nine cases out of ten the applicants are the least deserving from a political standpoint of any men in their community. In fact the commonest horses are entered in every race, it seeming to be the general opinion that the government ought to support those men who have been a failure in every business attempt they ever made. We can tell this class of gentry right now and here that Cleveland will not appoint them to anything if he finds out what manner of men they are.

GEN. WEAVER is a sanguine old soul. The fact that he carried a State or two has turned his head and he now claims that his so-called party holds the balance of power and urges a compact organization. He thinks the populists will elect the next president, but we'll bet him a basket of Georgia rotten eggs that he is as much mistaken as if he had burned his shirt.

IN none of the tables of votes do we find any reference to Gen. Bidwell. Can it be that the prohibition leader did not get any votes in the late election, when he was promised a million? One thing is certain, he didn't carry a single State, and even Weaver can crow over him.

SENATOR CARLISLE is of the impression that the financial affairs of the country may render an extra session of Congress necessary, in which event Mr. Cleveland will not hesitate to call it. The senator does not think, however, that the tariff alone would furnish sufficient reason for the call.

EVERY one of the old pie-eaters are smacking their lips in anticipation of enjoying it for four years more, but it seems that they ought to be satisfied to let some of the other hungry fellows get a bite. A new deal all around, if you please, Mr. Cleveland.

AN earthquake shook up California in not giving Cleveland a plurality after it seemed likely she would. Harrison pulled through by the skin of his teeth, it seems.

THE Philadelphia Times thinks that Mr. Cleveland's plurality over Harrison will approach 550,000. We's wager the \$15 in our inside pocket that it is over a million.

**NEWSY NOTES.**

—The Indiana democrats elected 11 out of 13 Congressmen.

—J. T. G. Galt, a well-known stock broker of Louisville, is dead.

—Harrison's plurality in Pennsylvania is 20,034 less than in 1888.

—At Parkersburg, W. Va., W. P. Mooney ate a rat to pay an election bet.

—The general assembly of Knights of Labor is in convention at St. Louis.

—J. T. Sweasy, of Anderson, raised a cabbage stalk on which there were nine heads.

—Gov. Brown has issued a proclamation recommending the observance of Thanksgiving day on Nov. 24.

—The Queen of the Satellites ball will be chosen from the maids of honor on the evening of the ball this year.

—Charlie Rank and Will Steen, both of Bucyrus, Ohio, were accidentally shot and killed while hunting Sunday.

—Five cases of cholera are reported on the steamer Circassia, which is in the St. Lawrence river, 130 miles below Quebec.

—John Hoey, until a year ago president and general manager of the Adams Express Company, is dead in New York.

—Jesse Sykes, a farmer near Terre Haute, Ind., had a fit and fell while in his hog pen and was literally eaten up by the swine.

—William Williams, a Pennsylvanian, borrowed \$600 to bet on Harrison's election. Unable to refund the money, he blew out his brains.

—At Defiance, O., Danny Bacher committed suicide rather than go to school, where the boys teased him unmercifully because he stuttered.

—Chairman Harry says that the democrats of Pennsylvania contributed the most money to the campaign fund. The National Committee is entirely free from debt.

—The Morgan Line steamer El Norte has broken all records between New York and New Orleans, making the trip from wharf to wharf in 4 days, 19 hours and 15 minutes.

—At the meeting of the Tobacco Manufacturers' and Buyers' Association held at St. Louis, N. Finzer was elected president and F. R. Toewater secretary. Both of the honored gentlemen live in Louisville.

—William Brady, of Covington, attempted to pay an election bet by swimming the Ohio river. He was taken with cramps and would have drowned had not assistance come to his rescue.

—The body of Bob Slaughter, a noted desperado, was found partly devoured by hogs about 200 yards from the Belt-line depot at Middlesboro. His death is a mystery and his taking off a happy riddance.

—J. H. Rhodes, of Lewis county, became angered because his neighbor, Sam Timmin, rejoiced over the late election, and struck him over the head with a club, fracturing his skull so badly that his life is despaired of.

—The Louisville Elks will soon erect a \$50,000 building in that city.

—Lillian Emerson, widow of the poet, Ralph Waldo Emerson, is dead, aged 90 years.

—The Court of Appeals is hearing the World's Fair case to compel Auditor Norman to pay the appropriation.

—All trains on the Cincinnati Southern were delayed Monday by the caving in of a 900 foot tunnel near Harrison.

—R. H. Cooper, book-keeper for J. H. Shrader, Louisville, is missing, as also is several hundred dollars of his employer's money.

—Football is such a craze in the East that men stood in line all night in order to purchase tickets for the Yale Harvard match.

—Presidents and owners of Southern railway and steamship lines met in New York to regulate transportation rates and stop rate cutting.

—The Whisky Trust is reported to have purchased five more distilleries, located at Cincinnati, St. Louis, Nebraska City and Pekin, Ill.

—Miss Lucy McCoy, a saleswoman at the New York Store, Louisville, was struck by a cash box and knocked unconscious, from which she is still suffering.

—Ex-United States Attorney General Garland is said to be desirous of securing his old place under Mr. Cleveland and his name will be presented by his Arkansas friends.

—Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, has a hankering to be Senator and she says if the constitution does not prevent her she will represent the Grasshopper State at the National capital.

—A non-unionist named Newman shot and killed a striker named Maynard at Carnegie's works at Homestead. Newman claims that Maynard attacked him while he was asleep.

—William Saunders, a scene-shifter at the Buckingham, Louisville, received \$350 from England, took his friend, "Sip" Sloman, a waiter at the same place, out on a tear and was robbed.

—At Chicago Charles Ryan, of Sycamore, Ill., shot and fatally wounded Sule Hess and Frank Whittaker because the woman would not give up Whittaker for him, and then killed himself.

—Albert Barnes, a merchant of Powell county, was assassinated by unknown persons while riding to his home, near Bowen. His body was riddled with rifle balls. Barnes had recently been acquitted of the charge of murder.

—In appraising the personal effects of the late Maj. D. E. Caldwell, former owner of the Lexington Transcript, a package of bills was found containing \$3,952. It was stored with some odd bundles in an old wardrobe.

—That Indiana man who made oath that he would move out of the State if it went democratic, come home the morning after the election and found his wife packing up the household goods. "Never mind, wife," he said, "there's no place to go."

—The rural democrats met in a school-house at Mountain View, Ark., to jollify, when two kegs of powder exploded and the building was wrecked. Three persons were killed and 15 badly injured, the maimed barely escaping burning to death.

—The general impression is that Tammany will get all the Federal patronage in New York that it desires, but a New York dispatch gives a statement from Mr. Thomas G. Shearman which is much at variance with this view. It deserves the tiger's share, however.

—When the present administration came into power it found a surplus of nearly \$50,000,000. Upon going out it will leave a deficiency of many more millions than that and still the majority of republicans can see no cause to complain of President Harrison's administration.

—The election of Cleveland and Stevenson, the preservation of an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives and the rescue of the Senate from republican control were perhaps the most signal triumphs of the democratic party in the history of the Republic.

—At Grand Rapids, Mich., D. A. Blodgett, worth \$7,200,000, divided his estate into three parts, giving one-third to his son, one-third to his son-in-law and his wife and retaining the other third for himself. He then retired from business, leaving his affairs in the hands of his son and son-in-law.

**FARM AND TRADE ITEMS.**

—John Hill sold to John F. Cash a pair of work mules for \$275.

—John F. Cash sold to Joe Embury for Morris 10 cattle, 1,518 pounds average, at 4c.

—Robinson, of Garrard, bought in the Hubble vicinity a bunch of feeders at 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c.

—A. M. Feland sold to J. H. Swope 15 acres of land for \$450 and to same party 60 acres at \$55.

—R. L. Hubble sold and shipped yesterday to J. W. Cowder, Tennessee, 40 mule colts at \$45.

—J. A. & S. T. Harris sold to Talton Embury for Morris, of Chicago, 32 cattle, averaging 1,475, at 4 1/2c.

—A farmer near Galena, Ind., planted a single potato in his garden and from the hill he is said to have dug 34 pounds of potatoes.

—James H. Enlow, near Amsterdam, Ind., last spring purchased a farm for \$4,500, and last week he sold the fruit of his apple orchard to a Chicago firm for \$1,500.

# "To Keep the Ball Rolling."

We are as ever in the lead this week with our banner unfurled as the "Leader of Low Prices."

## "THE : LOUISVILLE : STORE."

Our store is chuck full on both floors with everything in the

### Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes and Clothing

Line and they must go in a hurry. 100 Mens' Jeans Coats this week only at \$1; 50 Mens' Overcoats this week only at \$2.50; 200 Boy's Knee Pants this week only at 25 cents. Every all wool suit and fine Overcoats reduced 20 per cent. as we have too many. Child's Overcoat \$1.25.

Men's Boot \$1.25 per pair, Custom made Boot. \$2.75  
Full Stock, 2.00 do. Hand made do. 4.00

Ladies Button Shoe 90c., Ladies' Kid Shoe \$1. Also a complete line of

### Ladies' Gent's and Childrens' Underwear in Merino and Flannel.

Always bear in mind that we sell you goods at lower prices than any other house in Stanford.

LOUISVILLE STORE, A. Hays, Manager.

## SEASONABLE GOODS.

### Blankets, Comforts, Flannels, Yarns,

### Canton Flannels, Jeans, Underwear for All Ages,

Boots, Shoes, Hosiery, Gloves, Cloaks in all grades for Ladies, Misses and Children.

You will do yourself an injustice if you fail to examine our stock.

### SEVERANCE & SON.

W. H. WEAREN.

MRS. A. W. JAMES.

## CALL AND SEE

—Our new line of—

## HEATING STOVES,

Coal Hods, Vases, Pokers, Shovels, Kitchen Sets, Zincs, Russia Iron Pipe, ect.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

## FARRIS & HARDIN, HARDWARE,

### STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

Queensware, Glassware, Tinware, Lamps, Chamber Sets, Dinner Sets. Also agents for the Empire Wheat Drill.

## READ.

Wheelbarrows, Cross Cut Saws, Fencing Wire and Staples, Baling Wire, Horse Shoes and Nice Toilet, Chamber and Dinner Sets.

### Fresh Stock of GROCERIES

Always on hand. All goods sold

### GUARANTEED AS REPRESENTED,

Or taken back. Goods promptly delivered.

McKINNEY BROS.

### Beautiful Crayon Portraits Free of Cost

### Those Buying \$10's Worth Goods

Will receive FREE a handsome portrait of their friends or any of their family, or for \$5 cash will furnish picture and frame complete, from now till January 1, 1893.

CASH BARGAIN STORE.

B. F. JONES, SR.

70-111

### Hunters and Fishermen.

We, the undersigned, hereby warn all persons not to hunt or fish upon our lands or waters, said lands being situated in whole or in part in Garrard, Boyle and Lincoln counties, Kentucky, and we hereby agree to support each other fully in the enforcement of the law against any and all trespassers.

This September 26, 1892.

W. W. Yeager, A. J. Rice, G. T. Higginbotham, M. F. Rott, A. D. Hughes, Bright Herring, J. S. Johnson, C. Fox, J. B. Kemper, T. B. Robinson, N. H. Perkins, J. H. Bourne, T. T. Pollard, F. T. Fox, Jr., J. V. Cook, J. P. Bourne, William Hubble, S. J. Bourne, A. R. and G. R. Pope, C. J. Doty, S. H. Anderson, H. D. Aldridge, Bertram Spratt, Miss Kate Burdett, G. B. Aldridge, John Bourne, R. B. Rice, John W. Miller, T. L. Broadus, Cyrus Daily, James M. White, A. M. and E. S. Bourne, W. J. Ballard, Alex. West, Frank Fox, J. J. Walker, T. D. Chestnut, Henry Walters, Jerry Bland, T. M. Arnold, T. L. Herring, W. B. Moss, Mitchell Broadus, J. G. Aldridge, I. Erasmus Dunn, John Pope, James Herring, J. A. Veager, F. S. Burdett, E. B. Miller, D. G. Spoonamore, Mrs. M. A. Baughman, James Underwood, Mrs. E. L. Owsley.



SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL  
STANFORD, KY., NOVEMBER 18, 1892  
R. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

**For Sale Privately.**  
Residence and 14 Acres of Land  
On Danville pike 1 mile from Stanford. Also  
A House and Lot in Stanford,  
On Danville street.  
MRS. FANNIE DUNN.

**STRAUB & CO.**  
PRACTICAL  
Plumbers and Steam Fitters.  
Dealers in all kinds of Iron and Brass Goods for  
steam and water. Sanitary Goods of all kinds. All  
work guaranteed against defective material and  
workmanship.

**CHESAPEAKE & OHIO  
RAILWAY.**  
Washington, Philadelphia  
Baltimore, New York,  
And all other Eastern Cities.  
Shortest Line between Lexington and  
Eastern Points.  
IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1892

**EAST BOUND.** Lvs. Lexington  
Atlantic Express No. 22, daily, 7:10pm  
Midland Accommodation, No. 26, ex. Sun., 11:40am  
Vestibuled Express, No. 24, daily, 6:10pm  
Mt. Sterling Accom., No. 28, ex. Sun., 5:20pm  
**WEST BOUND.** Arr. Lexington:  
Lexington Accom. No. 27, ex. Sun., 7:50am  
Louisville Express No. 21, daily, 1:40pm  
Lexington Accom. No. 25, ex. Sun., 4:10pm  
Vestibuled Express No. 23, daily, 6:10pm  
Solid Vestibuled Trains with Dining Cars. No  
bus transfers.  
Through Sleepers from Lexington without  
change.  
H. W. FULLER, C. B. EVAN,  
Gen. Pass. Agt., Ass't Gen. Pass. Agt.,  
Washington, D. C. Cincinnati.  
OSCAR G. MURRAY, Traffic Manager.

**N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.**  
Schedule Oct. 30, 1892.

**LEAVE NORTON DAILY**  
2:30 p.m. for Graham, Bluefield, Pocahontas and  
intermediate stations.  
10:00 a.m. for Bluefield, Radford, Roanoke, and  
Lynchburg, Richmond and Norfolk. Also (via  
Roanoke) for Washington, Hagerstown, Harris-  
burg, Philadelphia and New York.  
Pullman Sleeping Cars from Louisville to Nor-  
ton via Norton and Radford; also Radford to  
New York, via Shenandoah Junction, also Rad-  
ford to Washington; also from Lynchburg to Rich-  
mond.  
Trains for Pocahontas, Powhatan and Gosh-  
port leave Bluefield daily at 10:10 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 7:20  
p.m. and 11:15 p.m.  
Leave Bluefield 6:10 a.m. daily for Kenova and  
Columbus, O. Arrive Columbus 2:25 p.m.  
Additional trains for Welch and intermediate  
stations on Elkhardt leave Bluefield 1:30 p.m. daily.  
Trains arrive at Norton from the East daily at  
10:30 p.m. and 5:20 p.m.  
For further information as to schedules, rates,  
etc., apply to agents of Norfolk & Western Rail-  
road or to  
Gen. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.

**MONON ROUTE**  
LOUISVILLE NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY.  
THE WORLD'S FAIR  
LINE TO  
CHICAGO,  
ALL  
POINTS  
WEST  
NORTH-WEST.  
Finest and best Vestibuled Buffet Sleeping Cars  
and Parlor Cars on all trains.  
No change of cars, best accommodations, quick  
time and lowest rates.  
For information address  
JAS. HARKER, G. P. A., Chicago.  
W. G. CRUSH, D. P. A., Louisville.

**Knoxville, Cumberland Gap & Louisville  
R. R.**  
Double Daily Schedule  
In Effect July 17, 1892.

NO.	DRY	WET	NO.	DRY	WET
1	10:10	10:10	1	10:10	10:10
2	10:10	10:10	2	10:10	10:10
3	10:10	10:10	3	10:10	10:10
4	10:10	10:10	4	10:10	10:10
5	10:10	10:10	5	10:10	10:10
6	10:10	10:10	6	10:10	10:10
7	10:10	10:10	7	10:10	10:10
8	10:10	10:10	8	10:10	10:10
9	10:10	10:10	9	10:10	10:10
10	10:10	10:10	10	10:10	10:10
11	10:10	10:10	11	10:10	10:10
12	10:10	10:10	12	10:10	10:10
13	10:10	10:10	13	10:10	10:10
14	10:10	10:10	14	10:10	10:10
15	10:10	10:10	15	10:10	10:10
16	10:10	10:10	16	10:10	10:10
17	10:10	10:10	17	10:10	10:10
18	10:10	10:10	18	10:10	10:10
19	10:10	10:10	19	10:10	10:10
20	10:10	10:10	20	10:10	10:10
21	10:10	10:10	21	10:10	10:10
22	10:10	10:10	22	10:10	10:10
23	10:10	10:10	23	10:10	10:10
24	10:10	10:10	24	10:10	10:10
25	10:10	10:10	25	10:10	10:10
26	10:10	10:10	26	10:10	10:10
27	10:10	10:10	27	10:10	10:10
28	10:10	10:10	28	10:10	10:10
29	10:10	10:10	29	10:10	10:10
30	10:10	10:10	30	10:10	10:10

**MARRIED  
IN HASTE**



VERY JUNE, usually between the 1st and 15th, I make my vacation trip to the stock farm of George Barnett, a few miles out of the thrifty little city of Marion, Ohio. It is always a business trip, but at the same time my chief pleasure of a two-months' George and I were seatmates in the log schoolhouse. Now he raises blooded horses for the city market, and I buy them. He is strictly honest and not a bit sporty, and his standing refusal of his stock in my favor has thrown many hundreds of dollars my way. But George can afford it. He is worth half a million. My trip this year landed me at his hospitable door on the evening of Tuesday, the 7th. That evening we sat on the broad south porch of his handsome house, looking across a forty-acre meadow that sloped gently to the adjoining grove. Across this meadow, along a private roadway connecting the river road on the west with a pasture on the east, several farm hands were leading the \$50,000 worth of stock I had come to claim. They looked nice, of course, but George and I had fully discussed them by mail, and he never was fond of stable or paddock talk in a leisure hour.

"You asked me at supper how I came to give up graduating, and why I didn't study law," he observed. "You see that furry white object moving along the river road? Well, that covers the man who wrought the change. That's old Parson Baker, Sophia Barnett's pastor, emeritus, of Three Locust Methodist Episcopal church. He's mother's beneficiary and pensioner, and he'll be mine if mother goes before he does. He came into this country sixty years ago, as an exhorter, and he has ridden these roads more or less steadily ever since. He whaled father at the raising of his first log church for trying to make him take a drink of whiskey, and they were the thickest kind of chums until father died. Father didn't marry until he was forty, and I am the only child. By the time I arrived father had accumulated what in those days was a fabulous fortune, three hundred thousand dollars, and he made it four hundred thousand dollars before I was of age. He wanted to make me a horse breeder, but I wanted law, and there we hitched. About a year before I should have finished at college, he wrote me a brief letter—the only one I ever had from him—conveying the information that if I knew what was good for me I would be married before I was twenty-one. That letter bothered me a great deal, because father was no bully, if he did try to have a little fun with the preacher, and I couldn't quite see the point between matrimony and stock raising. The letter contained not a word about education or the law. Anyhow my birthday and commencement day occurred the same week, and I thought I would risk the undesirable consequences of waiting, whatever they were.

"Two days before commencement father was stricken with apoplexy. He was unconscious when I got to the farm, and lived only a few hours. His last few months had been marked by total incapacity for business and mother was nearly worn out with looking after things. We buried him on the day I was to have graduated, and two days before my twenty-first birthday. Old Pap Baker was away down on the other end of the circuit, and mother ordered that a simple burial service should be said by a local exhorter of our neighborhood, leaving the funeral sermon to be preached by Pappy Baker on his next appointment, as was often done in those days, for there was no other Methodist circuit rider within forty miles that we knew of.

"That afternoon mother sent me to town after father's lawyer, who was also custodian of the will, of the contents of which I knew nothing, and mother scarcely more. The lawyer could not come out until the afternoon of the next day, which was the eve of my twenty-first birthday. When the will was opened it almost knocked me out. It left everything to mother, in trust for me on the sole condition that I was to be married within twenty-four hours after my graduation. If I did not graduate I was to be married by twelve o'clock noon on the day I became twenty-one years old. Moreover, if old Parson Baker was alive he was to do the job. In the event of my failure, for any cause, to meet these conditions I was to have one thousand dollars, and the rest, after mother's death, was to go to father's three nephews, who were plodding farmers in an adjacent county.

"Now here was a nice layout. I wasn't indissolubly attached to the idea of a legal career, but neither was I engaged, and the girl whom I had thought of in this connection was the daughter of a widow living down the road about two miles, whose face I had washed with snow and who had spelled me down in district school, both times innumerable. I had not seen her for a year and a half until she came to the funeral, but, as my good luck had it, she was then in the house. The lawyer assured me that the will was perfectly valid, as my father had been notorious for too smart for any other man in the county as a bargain driver, and no jury could be found to declare him of unsound mind.

"Parson Baker lived in a little village twenty-five miles down the pike, where there was neither railroad nor telegraph station. I explained the situation to the young lady, and she blushing consented. Why shouldn't she? She had known me all her life, and there was \$400,000 and a reasonably good-looking husband in it.

"So far everything was easy. There

What was that, the crack of a pistol? His horse started at the sound and he saw the smoke floating away from the weapon in the cowboy's hand.

Whether the man did it out of meanness or really thought that by the shot he could control the actions of the cattle Trask did not have time to consider.

His pony reared and turned until no more control of the animal was possible. He had carried his rider far to the right of the herd when a sudden arching of the back ("bucking" in western parlance) threw the colonel violently into the air and in a moment he was lying on the prairie with a keen pain darting through his ankle. The pony was racing away westward.

Col. Trask did not faint. He sat up and looked about him and saw something that made him far more anxious than had the broken ankle.

A man and a horse when combined are invincible among western cattle. A man or a horse alone has little chance of life. The brutes seem to consider either a legitimate target for the slender branching horns that are capable of so much damage.

The cattle saw the man sitting helpless on the prairie and were starting with bellows of rage in his direction. This the colonel realized. What he did not see was the form of a well-poised woman on a handsome white horse that approached the cowboys. She wore a graceful riding-hat and had a strong womanly face that told of a capability for management.

"Who is that man out there?" she asked, as she saw Trask struggling with his frightened pony.

"I dunno," was the herder's reply. "Some dude 't thinks he kin herd Texas steers, I reckon."

"Look!" she cried, "he has fallen off and is hurt—and the cattle see him!"

The herder looked on with unconcern. "Why don't you go to save him?" she asked with blanched lips.

The man gave a shrug with his broad shoulders and grunted the favorite motto of the ranchman: "A man's life is his own."

The woman looked intently at Trask, and seeing that he was in some way injured, threw riding hat and gloves to the wind and, plunging the spur into her horse until the silky white coat was flecked with red, rode furiously to the rescue.

The herder watched the race with staring eyes. The woman gained rapidly upon the trotting steers, but would she reach the stranger in time?

In a moment she was up to him and had leaped to the ground by his side. With almost superhuman strength she lifted his relaxed form and threw it over the saddle. Trask had fainted.

The angry cattle were not five rods away as with a bound she sprang to the horse's back, and, holding the limp stranger with one hand, lashed the horse with the other until they were out of danger.

Trask woke up in the unpainted room of the superintendent. He lay on a rude couch, and the tall, well-formed lady he had seen riding toward him was standing near.

"I would like to see Mr. Selton," he whispered as soon as he could speak.

"See whom?" Her voice was soft and low.

"The superintendent."

"I am the superintendent."

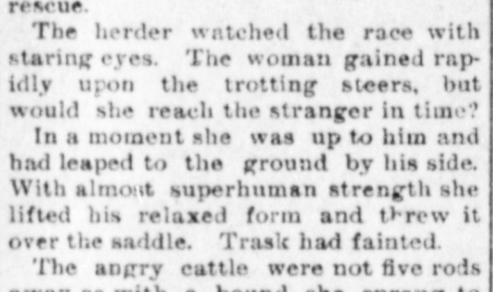
"But I want J. C. Selton."

"That is my name."

Weak as he was, Trask raised himself up in bed. "And have I been doing business through you all this time?" he gasped.

"If your name is Mr. Trask, as I am told it is, you certainly have."

The colonel mused much over his theory's working during those days in the cabin as he watched the workings of the ranch and waited for his broken limb to heal. As he considered how



Miss Coopers—Lige, how much you'd made this week whitewashing?"

"Lige—Fo' de Lawd! yo's de mos' mercenary gal I knows, yo' is. I believe now yo's marryin' me fo' mah money," Judge.

In Kentucky.

Youth (eloping with the girl of his heart)—Judge, we would like you to join us.

The Judge—Thanks, I don't know who you are; but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be he friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute.—Puck.

His Mark.

Ward Healey—An' yer want to make yer cross again de names yer votin' fer, See?

Micky Halligan—No, I don't. Sure, I don't have to make no cross. I was educated, I was, an' I kin write me name wid anny wan of 'em!—Puck.

Unappreciated Music.

"I'm sorry you don't like the new nurse," she said to her husband. "She is good about singing to the baby and keeping him quiet."

"Yes," was the reply, "that's just it. I'd rather hear the baby cry."—Boston Globe.

The Hard Part of It.

"It wasn't hard learning how to write," said Bobbie one morning, when he was trying to write a letter to his father. "What bothers me is learning what to say when I write."—Harper's Young People.

A Useful Adjunct.

"Who is that cross-looking old man in the corner?" asked the fair visitor who was looking through the offices.

"That," replied the editor, "is the man who writes our smart-child jokes."—Judge.

After the Wedding.

Mrs. Ketchon—I'll wager you what you like, the bride will wear the breeches.

Ketchon—I shouldn't wonder; I noticed she had on suspenders.—Puck.

An Unwholesome Appetite.

Sharpe—Lambly has a taste for inventions.

Keepe—Well, I presume that is why he swallows every lie that is told to him.—Puck.

Always Something to Worry Her.

It was once an Easter bonnet That her loveliness did lack; But the present source of sorrow Is a scaliskin saque.—Washington Star.

An Ungentlemanly Tradesman.

Charley—Is Rock a good tailor?

Chappie—He makes good clothes, but he's too deucedly rude for me, dear boy. He sends in a bill every month.—Truth.

A Good Reason.

Mother—Do you know why your pa called Mr. Blownard a liar, Tommy?

Tommy—Yes'm; he's a smaller man than pa.—Brooklyn Life.

All Eyes Upon Him.

"Your son has a very prominent government position, I hear."

"Yes, it's a regular cynosure."—Judge.

What Did She Mean?

Perdita—Did you kiss him?

Penelope (ambiguously)—Not much.—Life.

The Crucial Test.

"Do you love her?"

"Can't tell. I haven't seen her by daylight yet."—Chicago News Record.



"SHE LIFTED HIS RELAXED FORM."

well things were managed and how his life had been almost miraculously saved he was not entirely satisfied that the theory was a failure.

His friend, Richards, vice president of the company, accompanied him when a few months later the colonel made another western trip.

"Blest if I don't think Trask has a mighty big interest in that woman superintendent, Jessie Selton," he remarked to himself, as he walked disconsolately back and forth smoking, on the night of their arrival at the ranch. "He has not spoken two words to me since we got here."

Just then he rounded the corner of the building. There was the colonel and beside him the superintendent. His arm was around her waist.

"Your proxy theory doesn't always work, Trask," stammered Richards, for want of something better to say.

"No," replied the colonel, in an embarrassed manner, "not in this case. We are to be married to-morrow."

C. M. HARKER.

Pat's Password.

Lower tells a good anecdote of an Irishman giving the password at the battle of Fontenoy, at the time Saxe was marshal.

"The password is Saxe; now don't forget it," said the colonel to Pat.

"Faix, and I will not. Wasn't my father a miller?"

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel, after he arrived at the post.

Pat looked as confident as possible, and, in a sort of whispered howl, replied: "Bags, yer honor."—The Grip-sack.

**Mis-for-tune.**  
She was bemoaning her fate and lamenting that all her luck was bad luck.

"No, but it isn't," argued her more hopeful companion.

"Yes, it is, too," she insisted. "Misfortune is mine at every turn and misfortune follows me everywhere."

"That's only because you think so. Did it ever occur to you, my dear, that misfortune is two-thirds fortune?"

It hadn't, but when she saw the point of the gag she laughed and after that she made her philosophy out of it and felt two thirds happier ever after.—Detroit Free Press.

**Welcomed by the Old Man.**  
Sue Deering—I'm afraid papa was angry when you asked him for me, wasn't he, Jack, love?

Jack Hilow—Not at all. He asked if I knew any more respectable young men who would be likely to marry your five sisters, if properly coaxed.—Harper's Bazar.

**Just What He Wanted.**  
"I feel discouraged," said the young M. D., whose practice was slow in coming.

"You must have patience."

"Yes, I know. If I had patients I wouldn't be discouraged."—Truth.

**Scriptural Authority.**  
Teacher—In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should have only one wife?

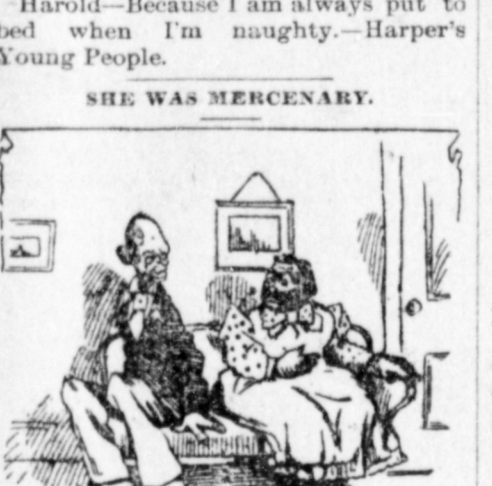
Little Boy—I guess it's the part that says no man can serve two masters.—Good News.

**Takes Time.**  
Jobson—I have a claim against the government. What lawyer would you advise me to retain?

Friend—It doesn't matter whom you select, only so he's young.—N. Y. Weekly.

**The Reason.**  
Visitor—How is it that you are always such a good little boy, Harold?

Harold—Because I am always put to bed when I'm naughty.—Harper's Young People.



**IDENTIFIED AT LAST.**  
The lover hugged her on the stage; To her it was not funny; He earned his salary, while she found She was hard pressed for money.—Brooklyn Life.

**Family Breeds Contempt.**  
"So we've been stealing again," remarked Judge Duffy to an old offender who was arraigned for trial.

"Yes, your honor, and I reckon we will not get off as easy as we did the last time, will we, judge?"—Texas Siftings.

**Summer in the South.**  
"Been south, I understand?"

"Yes; I was down there nearly all summer."

"Great country. Very hospitable people."

"Yes, indeed. Butter flows like water there in the summer."—Puck.

**Journalistic Item.**  
Conductor (holding up a greenback)—Did anybody lose a ten-dollar bill?

Mr. Faberpusher—Yes, I did.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I didn't precisely lose the ten-dollar bill, but I have been missing one for a long time now."—Texas Siftings.

**Can He Have Seen Them?**  
New Arrival (in the spirit world)—And this is the great Christopher Columbus! Why, you do not resemble in the slightest degree the pictures they are printing of you on earth!

Christopher Columbus—No, thank heaven!—Chicago Tribune.

**The Count de Hog.**  
They were talking of the intelligence of animals.

"I've seen a hog count," he said.

"So have I," she said. "I've seen him count two seats in the car, and take them both himself."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Rare Combination.**  
Clerk—This will go very nicely with blue.

Mrs. Witherby—All right. I'll take it. My husband will be blue when he knows that I've bought it.—Puck.

**Sweet Day of Rest.**  
Joblots—I begin to understand now why they term Rev. Thirdly a doctor.

Elder Berry—Why?

Joblots—His preaching has cured me of insomnia.—N. Y. Herald.

**A Painful State of Affairs.**  
Mathilde—I'm sure I wish I knew what Mr. Snippy's intentions are.

Flora—Intentions? Why, Mr. Snippy never had such a thing in his life.—Chicago News Record.

**A Sign of Danger.**  
"What makes you think young Wopsy is in love?"

"He keeps saying such cynical things about women."—Chicago News Record.

**A Coincidence.**  
She—How do you like my hat?

He—It makes your face very long.

She—It made papa's face very long when he paid for it.—Truth.

**Show Him No Mercy.**  
"Boys, what's the trouble?" asked a man who had come upon a Kentucky lynching party.

"This chap killed his father."

"Oh, well, the old man would have had to die some time."

"He killed his brother, too."

"That's nothing much. Cain did that, but nobody lynched him."

"But he stole a mule, too."

"You don't say! String him up!"—Jury.

**Full of Enthusiasm.**  
Brown—You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?

Roberts—Yes, but it is my first trip without my wife.

Brown—I might have known that. I met your wife yesterday, and I never saw her look so happy.—Texas Siftings.

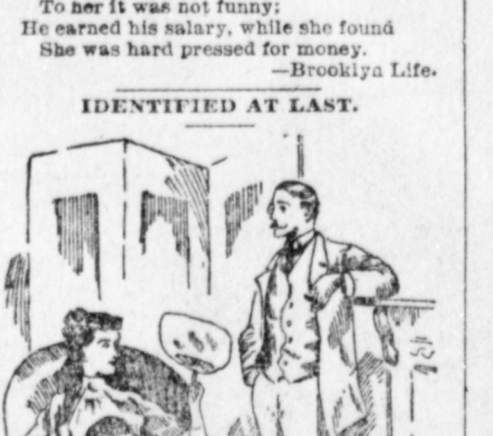
**Will There Be Bloodshed?**  
Trivet—A good many people are demanding the abolition of walking delegates.

Dicer—True, and if the walking delegates follow their usual procedure there will be some duels.

Trivet—Why?

Dicer—Well, they are accustomed to call men out.—Judge.

**The Stage Heroine.**  
The lover hugged her on the stage; To her it was not funny; He earned his salary, while she found She was hard pressed for money.—Brooklyn Life.



**IDENTIFIED AT LAST.**  
The lover hugged her on the stage; To her it was not funny; He earned his salary, while she found She was hard pressed for money.—Brooklyn Life.

**Just the Thing to Please Him.**  
"I'm saving up my pennies to buy papa a Christmas present," said little Nell to her aunt the other night.

"What are you going to buy him?" asked her aunt.

"A great big say dolly that can shut her eyes and say mamma," said Nell.—Harper's Young People.

**Family Breeds Contempt.**  
"So we've been stealing again," remarked Judge Duffy to an old offender who was arraigned for trial.

"Yes, your honor, and I reckon we will not get off as easy as we did the last time, will we, judge?"—Texas Siftings.

**Summer in the South.**  
"Been south, I understand?"

"Yes; I was down there nearly all summer."

"Great country. Very hospitable people."

"Yes, indeed. Butter flows like water there in the summer."—Puck.

**Journalistic Item.**  
Conductor (holding up a greenback)—Did anybody lose a ten-dollar bill?

Mr. Faberpusher—Yes, I did.

"Are you sure?"

"Well, I didn't precisely lose the ten-dollar bill, but I have been missing one for a long time now."—Texas Siftings.

**Can He Have Seen Them?**  
New Arrival (in the spirit world)—And this is the great Christopher Columbus! Why, you do not resemble in the slightest degree the pictures they are printing of you on earth!

Christopher Columbus—No, thank heaven!—Chicago Tribune.

**The Count de Hog.**  
They were talking of the intelligence of animals.

"I've seen a hog count," he said.

"So have I," she said. "I've seen him count two seats in the car, and take them both himself."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Rare Combination.**  
Clerk—This will go very nicely with blue.

Mrs. Witherby—All right. I'll take it. My husband will be blue when he knows that I've bought it.—Puck.

**Sweet Day of Rest.**  
Joblots—I begin to understand now why they term Rev. Thirdly a doctor.

Elder Berry—Why?

Joblots—His preaching has cured me of insomnia.—N. Y. Herald.

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**The Humorous Cod.**  
An old cod laughed to himself: "Ho, ho!" As he gave his great tail a swish, "I'm fresh while I live in the salt, salt sea. But on land I'm a salted fish."—Harper's Young People.

**LIVE STOCK**

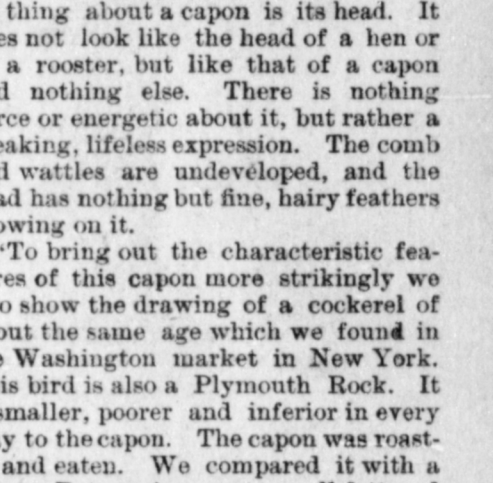
**CAPONS.**  
Comparative Size of Capon and Cockerel of the Same Age.  
A practical poultryman sent to the editor of The Rural New Yorker a capon with a request to sample him. An extract from the letter accompanying the gift read as follows:  
I caponized only my late chickens the past season (the early birds all being sold for breeders; consequently I cannot send as large a specimen as I would



**PLYMOUTH ROCK CAPON.**  
Like. The one I send was not hatched until June 8, and was caponized about the middle of August, since which time he has had the same treatment, care and feed as my other cockerels. He has cost me, including labor, eighty-five cents. I sold his companions last week for twenty cents a pound alive. They brought \$1.60 each, leaving me a profit of seventy-five cents apiece. My capons last winter I sold in Providence for twenty-eight cents a pound (dressed), and they paid me a profit of nearly \$1.50 each, being early and well matured birds.

The editor of The Rural New Yorker says: "We have had a careful picture of this capon made; it is shown in the illustration. It is the first time we have ever seen a picture of a capon. The spurs are not developed, as in the case of a cockerel—they are only stubs. The comb and wattles are also undeveloped, while the plumage is very brilliant and profuse. Perhaps the most characteristic thing about a capon is its head. It does not look like the head of a hen or of a rooster, but like that of a capon and nothing else. There is nothing fierce or energetic about it, but rather a sneaking, lifeless expression. The comb and wattles are undeveloped, and the head has nothing but fine, hairy feathers growing on it.

"To bring out the characteristic features of this capon more strikingly we also show the drawing of a cockerel of about the same age which we found in the Washington market in New York. This bird is also a Plymouth Rock. It is smaller, poorer and inferior in every way to the capon. The capon was roasted and eaten. We compared it with a Brown Patagonian roaster well fattened and in good condition. The Brown Pat-



**PLYMOUTH ROCK COCKEREL.**  
agonian is noted for its large proportion of breast meat, yet the capon exceeded it in this respect by at least 15 per cent. The amount of fat on the capon was astonishing; we all remarked the difference in the two gravy dishes. The flesh was of excellent flavor, all pronouncing it 'the best chicken meat' they had ever tasted."

The poultryman says of the caponizing process: "The apparatus is very simple and a ten-year-old boy can do the work. If proper tools are used there need be no loss. The birds recover quickly and are far healthier and can be easily cared for afterward. Caponizing increases the growth of all breeds of fowls in proportion to their natural size about 40 per cent. It is sure to add many dollars to the income of the poultry raiser, and so far as I know or can learn there is not one single practical reason why all should not perform the work and produce more big capons for market."

Ex-Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has sold his entire collection of both Percheron and French coach horses to C. S. Dola, of Illinois.











